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LITTLE SALLY

OF THE

SABBATH SCHOOL.



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One fine Sabbath morning, while the bells were ringing to call the people to church, a very little girl, whose name was Sally, was swinging on a gate by the way side.— Sally was covered with rags, her face and hands were very dirty,

and she had neither shoes nor stockings.

A lady who feared God, passing by that way, as she was going to church, said to Sally as she passed, "Little girl, why do you play on the Lord's day? Why do you not get your mamma to wash you and put clean clothes on you, and send you to God's house?"

Sally did not answer the lady at first; but she hung down her head as if she felt guilty and ashamed.

Then the lady spoke to her again, and said, "Why do you not get your mamma to wash and dress you, that you may go to church?"

"I have not got clean clothes," said Sally, "and mamma has no time to wash me."

"But you are large enough to wash yourself," said the lady, "and if you will make yourself clean

against next sabbath, when I pass by I will take you with me to the Sabbath School and to church."

So the lady, who feared God, walked away towards the Sabbath School and the church; and when she was quite out of sight, little Sally left the gate, and ran to the cottage in which she lived. Sally's father and mother were both of them dead, and she lived with a poor woman, whom she called her mamma, but her mamma was not very kind to her.

So little Sally, when she came to the door of her mamma's house said, "O, mamma, there is a good lady gone by, who says she will take me to the Sabbath School and to church next Sabbath, if you will make me clean."

"Indeed, child," said her mamma. "I have no time to dress you

on Sundays. I have the bed to make, and the house to clean, and the dinner to get; so you may go where you will; but don't look for me to dress you or clean you."

Then little Sally sat down upon the step of the outside of the door and began to think, "What shal' I do when the lady comes again next Sunday? Mamma won't clean me; but I can wash my own face and hands, and comb my hair, for mamma will let me use her comb. So I will set upon the gate till the lady comes; and then I will ask her to let me go with her to school; and I will give the lady a little posy out of the hedge, because she is a good lady."

Now this was a good thought, which God put into the heart of little Sally; for all good thoughts come from God—but naughty

thoughts came out of our own hearts.

The next Sabbath morning little Sally got up early, and washed her hands and face and combed her hair. Then she gathered a few flowers out of the hedge; some



wild roses, and some wild honey suckles; and when she had tied them up in a posy with a bit of red worsted, she took a slice of bread which had been cut for her breakfast; and when her mamma had

given her leave to go where she would, she went and sat upon the gate till the lady who feared God came by.



When little Sally saw the lady, she got off the gate in haste, and running to her, she made a low courtesy, and gave her the posy and said, "I have washed my face and hands, madam, and combed my hair; and if you please, I will go with you to the Sabbath School."

The lady said, "but you have not got your Sunday frock on?"

“I have no Sunday frock,” said little Sally, “my own mamma and papa are dead, and I have no body to buy me a Sunday frock. Will you not let me go to school in these old clothes?”

“Yes, my poor little girl, I will,” said the lady. “The Lord Jesus Christ receives us in all our most filthy rags if we will come to him; how then can I refuse to receive a poor little ragged child who is willing to come to me?”

Then the lady walked on, and little Sally came trotting after her. And the lady took her to a fine Sabbath School, where she was taught to read first in the spelling-book, and afterwards in the Bible. Every Sabbath she was taken to the house of God; for the lady told her that God would look at her heart, and not at her ragged

clothes; "for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."—1 Sam. xvi. 7."



When little Sally had been at the Sabbath School one year, and had behaved very well, and learned her lessons well every week, she had a brown stuff gown given to her, and a white apron, and a brown bonnet and a tippet, like all the other children; and, because she had no father or mother, the lady was so kind as to give her shoes and stockings, and a blue gown and almost every article she needed to wear on week days.— And when she was a little older, the kind lady employed her to do many little services for her, by which she earned enough to keep her dress quite whole and neat.

Little Sally learned at the Sabbath School and at church to be humble and to fear God, and to love the dear Saviour who died on the cross. And she learned,

also, always to speak the truth, and never to tell a lie, because she knew that every liar shall have his portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.

When Sally was grown a great girl, the lady who feared God took her into her house, and taught her a great many useful things. And the lady loved her because she was humble and thankful, and loved her Saviour, and never gave rude answers when she was spoken to.

Sally through all her life, used to say, "That was a happy day when she went to the Sabbath School."



The Bible.

The spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight,
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page—
 Majestic, like the sun;
 It gives a light to ev'ry age,
 It gives, but borrows none.



The Moon.

1 Corinthians, chap. xiii. 12.

Dark, like a moon without the sun
 I mourn thy absence Lord;
 For light or comfort I have none
 But what thy beams afford.

But lo! the hour draws near apace,
 When changes shall be o'er;
 Then shall I see you face to face,
 And be eclips'd no more

‘ A broken and a contrite heart, O
God, thou wilt not despise.’”

Tho’ God preserves me every hour
And feeds me day by day,
I know it is not in my power
His goodness to repay.

The poorest child, the greatest
Alike must humbly own, (king
No worthy present they can bring
To offer at his throne.

For we, and all our treasures too,
Are his who reigns above;
Then is there nothing I can do
To prove my grateful love?

A broken heart he’ll not despise,
For ’tis his chief delight:
This is a humble sacrifice,
Well pleasing to his sight.

Tho' treasures brought before his
 throne,
 Would not acceptance find;
 He kindly condescends to own
 A weak and lowly mind.

This is an offering we may bring,
 However mean our store; [king
 The poorest child, the greatest
 Can give him nothing more.



Humility.

In a modest humble mind,
 God himself will take delight;
 But the proud and haughty find
 They are hateful to his sight.

Jesus Christ, was meek and mild,
 And no angry thoughts allowed;
 O, then, shall a little child
 Dare to be perverse and proud?

This, indeed, should never be,
Lord, forbid it, we entreat;
Grant they may all learn of thee
That humility is sweet.

Make it shine in every part:
Fill them with this heavenly
grace;
For a little infant's heart
Surely is its proper place.



